VVell met Goſsip:

OR,

'Tis merry when Goſsips meet.

Newly enlarged with very merry Songs, pleaſant for Maids, Wives, and Widdows; and delightfull to all that ſhall read it.

LONDON,
Printed for *William Gilbertſon*, and are to be ſold at his Shop, at the Bible in *Gilt-ſpur* Street, 1656.

By your leave Readers.

KInde loving Friends, ſince thus our caſe doth ſtand,
That we are faln into the Printers *hand,*
And have before this time been often preſt,
To make our private meeting, publike jeſt:
And that we muſt endure, and be content,
What men put on us in their merriment.
Pray let us not be too much plaid upon:
We met indeed, 'tis true, and paſt, and gone;
Merry we were, yet free from all offence,
And there were no men charg'd with our Expence.
Unto a penny we our reckoning paid,
Then who can blame the Widdow, Wife, *and* Maid,
For meeting, and kinde drinking each with other?
Men can their own carowſings cloſely ſmother,
Their Pottles, and their Gallons hand to hand,
Their drinking healths untill they cannot ſtand;
And yet there are no Books in Rime to ſhow it:
But well, wee'l have a Wench to be our Poet,
And pay them home becauſe they do provoke,
So pray read on, wee'l ſtand to what we ſpoke.

Widow, Wife, Maid.

BRITISH MUSEUM

'Tis merry when Goſsips meet.

The Conference.

Widdow. GOod-den good Couzen: Jeſu! how d'ée do?
When ſhall we eat another Dagger Pye?
You are a ſtranger: Chriſt! when met we two?
I muſe you do not call as you go by:
What lucky buſineſſe, pray, hath brought you hither,
That we ſhould meet at Tavern down together?

Wife. In truth, kinde Couz, my coming's from the Pawn,
But, I proteſt, I loſt my labour there:
A Gentleman promiſ'd to give me Lawn,
And did not meet me, which he well ſhall hear.
Wid. Some lets may happen in the way unknown;
Wife. He hath been hindered, that's to bide upon.

Wid. Why how now Beſſe? to paſſe unſeen doſt think?
Where go'ſt, my wench? Maid. To ſee my brother Steven.
Wid. Here's Widdow, Wife, and Maid, yfaith lets drink
A parting Pint, and ſo God make us even.
Slip in good Cozen, you are next the doore,
One Pint in kindeneſſe, and away, no more.

Wife. No, in good ſooth, indeed I muſt away,
My Husband's forth, our ſhop muſt needs be tended.
Maid. My mother's gone to Church, I cannot ſtay,
If I be found from home, ſhe'l be offended.
Wid. Ile lead the way my ſelf: Lord, heres a life,
I know theſe ſhifts, ſince I was Maid and Wife.

Wife. Where ſhall we be? Vintner. I pray go up the ſtairs.
Wife. Good Couzen no, lets take it ſtanding here.

Wid. Bethrew me then, where every one repairs,
Ile none of that, we'll have a room, my dear:
Come, come, you look that I ſhould be your leader.
Wife. Coux, that's becauſe you are a nimble treader.

Vint. Y are welcome Gentlewomen; what wine drink ye?
Wid. All's on to me. What ſay you Miſtris Beſſe?
Wife. What wine's the beſt for our complexion, think ye?
Vint. I have no Phyſick. Wife. Yet good brother ghelle.
Wid. Why haſt thou Claret? Vint. I, the beſt in London.
Wid. Either fill good, be brief, or leave it undone.

Vint. Here Gentlewomen, this is neat and pure,
Wife. Pray take it Coux, you know good Wine and Beer.
Wid. Good Lord, good Lord, that you grow ſo demure!
Lets drink familiar, wherefore come we here?
This to you both, Coux Grace, and Miſtris Beſſe,
A full carouſe, Ile have you pledge no leſſe.

Tis pretty wine in truth: nay fill your cup;
We'll have no pingling, now we are alone:
If here were men, I would not drink it up
For twenty pounds my ſelf, but now all's one:
Sometime wet lip, and ſmell the wines enuffe,
And take a ſiſſe, rather then marre our Ruffe.

But now lets barre diſſembling to be merry,
And in good earneſt entertain our wine;
This touch and taſt, it makes the Senſes weary,
What reaſon now we ſhould be foolish fine?
No Lovers nor no Suters here that ſees it,
We have good time and Liquor, let's not leeſe it.

Wife. Content, ſay I, nay Beſſe, I'll be the skinker.
Maid In truth, forſooth, a full cup doth excell:
Good Lord, I am become a mighty drinker.
Wid. Another Pint, the fellow us'd us well.
Wife. I by my troth, the wine is good in truth?
Fill t'other Pint. Wid. Prethee go right, ſweet youth.

Wife.

Wife. Now Couz, here's to our friends in Soper Lane,
Wid. Let come, ſweet Couzen, I will pledge them all.
Wife. But Jeſus Chriſt! what is become of Jane?
Wid. Oh, ſhe is gone to dwell by London-wall.
Good God! (in ſooth) I never was more merry,
Then when we both did dwell in Bucklers Berry.

Now heavenly Chriſt! how merry we have been,
But yet one time we had a cruell ſtirre:
A Drapers man and he was mighty in.
Wife. I pray what he with him, and he with her?
Wid. Faith both in love: Well, Jane's an honeſt maid,
But Lord the pranks that we mad wenches plaid.

My Miſtris got my Maſter to conſent,
One Midſummer, ſhe being very ill,
To leave the City, and to live in Kent;
By which good hap we had the houſe at will:
There Roger, Jane, and I, met every night.
Wife. Here Beſſe; good brother fill's a Quart of White.

Wid. No muſick in the evening we did lack,
Such dancing, Couzen, you would hardly think it:
Whole Pottles of the dantieſt burned Sack,
Twold do a weneh good at the heart to drink it.
Such ſtore of tickling Galliards, I do vow,
Not one could dance, but John come kiſſe me now.

And let them talk and praiſe the marriage life,
To be ſo full of pleaſure as they ſay:
I that have liv'd both Widdow, Maid, and Wife,
And try'd all pleaſure every kinde of way,
Know what to do, and will maintain this ſtill,
That of the three, Maids have the world at will.

Wife. Y'faith they have and have not; for you know,
(But to the dore, here's none but friends, you ſee)
They ſay, Love creepeth, where it cannot go:
Maids muſt be marred, leſt they marr'd ſhould be.

I will be ſworn, before I ſaw fifteen,
I wiſht that I my wedding day had ſeen.

Wid Muſh, tittle, tattle: Beſſe, it muſt be done;
My Couzen thinks not as her words import,
I could not for a world have liv'd a Nun:
Oh fleſh is frail, we are a ſinful ſort;
I know that beauteous wenches are inclin'd
To harbour handſome men within their minde.

Wife. Couzen, you mean, becauſe a Maid is free,
Having no head to keep her body under.
She lives a life not bound ſo much as we:
The jeſt is ſimple, and it makes me wonder,
That you that have with Venus ſports been fed,
Should put ſuch errors in a maidens head.

Wid. Nay, but I pray you underſtand my reaſon,
The youthfull favours that they do attain,
For this you know, that all the wooing ſeaſon,
Suters with gifts continuall, ſeek to gain
Their Miſtris love, to joyn with their affection,
With words and lines humbled in ſubjection.

Wife That's very true, the bounty of their loves
Are lib'rall ſtill with many a kinde reſpect:
In conſcience I had twenty pair of Gloves,
When I was Maid, given to that effect:
Garters, Knives, Purſes, Girdles, ſtore of Rings,
And many a thouſand dainty pretty things.

Wid. Well Couzen, well, theſe dayes in date be paſt.
Wife. 'Tis very true, with us that world doth change:
Here ſtands a cup of wine; pray who drank laſt?
Wid. Why that did I to Beſſe, Lord, Maids be ſtrange,
They look for thouſand words of ſweet and pray,
And take few things, to which they ſay not nay.

Maid. 'Tis Maidens modeſty to uſe deniall,

A willing offer cometh twice or thrice.
Wid. But here's a cup of wine doth ſtand for tryall,
Your Maiden-ſhip takes liquor in too nice:
Pray mend your fault, kinde Beſſe, wee'll none of that,
Wine and Virginity kept ſtale drinks flat.

Maid. You are to blame, in truth we drink like men;
Now by my troth I am e'en aſhamed.
Wid. Tut, wench, God knows when we ſhall meet agen:
Nor need we fear of Husbands to be blamed:
Our ſcent of wine ſhall not by them be felt,
The married wife in kiſſing will be ſmelt.

Wife. Oh Coſs, if that be all the worſt, I care not.
Ile take allowance even with the beſt,
This Cup to you; you ſhall not ſay I dare not:
My Husband ſmell? Oh Jeſu! there's a jeſt.
I care as little for my husbands ſmelling,
As any wench this hour in London dwelling.

Wid. 'Tis well you need not, ſure, I take him kinde.
Wife. As kinde a man as woman need to lye with.
Maid. Would I as well were fitted to my minde,
A loving man, who would not live and dye with?
Wid. My Husband did to other loves incline.
Wife. Nay, mine is conſtant, by this cup of wine.

Maid. Now Chriſt, how wives and widdows take occaſion
T' enlarge their Husbands credit or diſpraiſe!
Some harbour ſealous thoughts, ſome kind perſwaſions,
In ſome match men, in ſome the woman ſtrayes:
And when they meet, they ſo diſcourſe and ſcan,
About whoſe choice hath got the kindeſt man.

Wife. Alas (good Beſſe) thou ſpeak'ſt thou know'ſt not what,
Thy judgement is not worth a Walnut ſhell:
There is an old grave Proverb tells us, that
Such as die Maids, do all lead Apes in hell:
I rather while I live would yearly marry,

Than

Than waiting-maid on ſuch preferment tarry.

Maid. That Proverbs proof can do you little ſtead,
But married wives oft give and take ſuch claps,
Taurus ſo rules and guides their husbands head,
That every night they ſleep in Horn-work caps.
I pray what proverb is it that allows
The devils picture on your husbands brows?

VVid. Enough you wrangling Wenches, fie fo, ſhame,
Take me in drink, leave off your diſputation;
Pray brother fill a pint more of the ſame
VVife. Couzen, belike you mean to drink in faſhion;
We ſhall be trim'd, and have our wits refin'd,
Y faith we ſhall, if you may have your minde.

VVid. Now to your Husband, Couz, this full carouſe.
VVife. In truth I pledge you, and I thank you truly;
To all our friends, Beſſe, at your mothers houſe.
Maid. Thanks gentle Miſtreſſe Grace, I drank but newly.
VVife. Beſhrew my heart this wine is not the worſt.
VVid. Good faith me thinks 'tis better than the firſt.

VVife. But Couzen, prethee art not yet toward marriage?
Maid. Truly I am, and am not, as it ſtands;
A Gentleman of paſſing gallant carriage,
Doth ply me hard, one that hath pretty Lands:
Handſomer man never in ſhoo did tread,
By this good drink, a kinder ne'er broke bread.

To try his love, ſometimes I feign me ſick,
And (by this Candle) he will ſit and weep.
VVife. Now, by my troth, that s'en my good mans trick;
Let me complain, Chriſt what a fool he'l keep.
Asking what ayls my ſweet-heart, tell me Hony,
My Love, my Dove, my Lamb, my pretty Cony.

VVid. See, ſee, how fay. Maid But ſirrah Couzen, then
I force a ſigh, with half a dozen groans:

This

This comes (ſayes he) to lye without a man.
Wife. My husband ſayes, kinde love, thou breedſt yong bones:
Well John (ſay I) you ſeek to ſee my pain,
Then (by this wine) the fool will weep again.

VVid. Couz, you are happy you habe ſuch a one,
Make much of him, a Jewell wench thou hast:
But I had one would let me grunt and grone,
The veriest clown; but well, tis gone and paſt:
If he had liv'd, Couzen, I do proteſt,
I would have done a thing: well, let that reſt.

Ile never truſt a Red-hair'd man again,
If I ſhould live a hundred yeers that's flat:
His turn cannot be ſerv'd with one or twain,
And how can any woman ſuffer that?
I know 'tis better to take wrong than do it,
But yet in ſuch a caſe fleſh leads us to it.

Maid. Why, is a red-hair'd man ſo bad of life?
What ſay you to a yellow ſtaren hair?
VVid. Not one among a hundred true t'his wife.
That conſtant loyall hearted thoughts doth bear;
They love, but how? as did the youth of Greece.
From every wench to gain a golden Fleece.

And they whoſe mindes habe this corrupt affection,
(Becauſe I would have Beſſe to take good heed)
Are ſuch as are call'd Sanguine of complexion,
I prethee Girl, let no ſuch Suiter ſpeed:
I ſpeak it by experience and good tryall,
Of all hair-colours, give that hair denyall.

A Nut-brown colour, or an Acorn either,
May both do well, and are to be allow'd:
A ſtaren colour hath no great fault neither;
But for a ragged chin, I firm have vow'd,
It ſhall by me perpetuall be abhorr'd,
And with my heels I ſcorn it, by the Lord.

A man whoſe Beard ſeems ſcar'd with ſpirits t'have been,
That wants the worthieſt grace, breath, length, & thickneſs,
And hath no difference 'twixt his noſe and chin,
But all his hairs have got the falling ſickneſſe,
Whoſe fore-front looks like Jack-an-apes behinde:
She that can love him, bears a ſcurvey minde.

Wife. I pray what ſay you to my Husband then?
The rar'ſt complexion that you can deviſe.
Wid. The golden Sentence proves black bearded men
Are precious pearls in beauteous womens eyes;
Their logall hearts none fully can controul,
I love a black man, Couzen, with my ſoul.

Wife. Let Beſſe not this, for when I was a Maid,
And to the love of men began to bow,
I gave great ear to that which women ſaid,
When they were merry met, as we are now:
Yea, and my mother did perſwade me too,
Wench (would ſhe ſay) note what your Elders do.

That leſſon without book, was ſtrait mine own,
She need not to repeat it over twice:
I quickly ſmelt what 'twas to live alone,
What to be kinde in live, what to be nice.
Vint. Anan, anan, what is't (forſooth) you lack?
Wid. Sawſages, brother, and a pint of Sack.

Maid. No more, in ſadneſſe, now 'tis time to part,
In conſcience it is ſix a clock at leaſt.
Wid. We'll have a reckoning after th'other quart.
Maid. They ſay, Enough's as good as any feaſt.
Wid. Indeed my wench, enough's a Feaſt, that's right;
But we want that, which lye alone all night.

Wife. You both may mend the matter when you will,
Whoſe fault is't but your own, you do not marry?
God made not Beſſe to live a maiden ſtill.
Maid. Faith tis my mothers counſell that I tarry.

She

She alwayes ſayes, when yong men come a wooing,
Stay daughter, ſtay, you muſt not yet be doing.

Wid. Now, in good faith, your mother is to blame,
To wiſh ſo womanly a wench to ſtay:
She knows fifteen may husbands juſtly claim.
Maid. Fifteen? why I was that laſt Lady Day:
You are deceiv'd, for I am no ſuch youth,
I am ſixteen when next March comes, in truth.

Wid. Beſhrew my heart, but that's a goodly time,
I would to Chriſt that I could ſay ſo too;
I would not linger out my youthfull prime,
Nor ſtand to aſk my mother what to do;
No, I could tell, I trow, as well as ſhe,
Towards Batchelors how Maidens ought to be.

Maid. I, I know ſomething too, but what of that?
Our Parents wills, you know, muſt be obey'd.
Wife. Well, ſay they muſt: yet ſhall I tell you what
A Scholler told me when I was a maid,
Of Marriage knot, they have no power to break it;
Now, by this Sack, a learned man did ſpeak it.

'Twas nothing but ſound truth, which he did tell;
For Husbands we our Parents muſt forſake.
Were this wine burnt, Couzen, it would do well,
Maid. Faith I was thinking on it when you ſpake:
My mother ſayes, burnt Sack is good at night.
Wife. A my word, Beſſe, your Mother's in the right.

Wid. Brother, I pray thee let this wine be burn'd,
And ſee (good youth) the Sawſages be ready:
To one good meaning, our three minds be turn'd,
When Sack is ſugered, 'twill not be ſo heady.
Maid. We drink ſo much, our cheeks are paſſing warm.
Wife. Sweet Eliſabeth, good wine can do no harm.

Yet truſt me Couzen, when I was a Girl,
For Tavern, no young man could get me to it,
Neither for love, gold, pretious ſtones, or pearl:
My tongue denide, when heart inclinde to do it.
For (by my faith) I ever lov'd good wine,
But oft refrain'd, I was ſo maiden fine.

Wid. Well, wot you Beſſe, to whom Ile drink to now,
Sure as I live, unto your ſiſter Siſſe,
And to the youth that did the Angell bow,
And ſent it for a Token: truth, half this:
He lobes you both, upon my word he doth:
Reſolve it, or you wrong him Beſſe, in ſooth.

Maid. His love to me I little do regard,
Perhaps my ſiſter doth reſpect it more.
Wid. Then Elſabeth, in truth you uſe him hard.
Maid. How hard? he hath his anſwer long before,
I will not love him, whatſoere befall,
Ile have a handſome man, or none at all.

Wid. Go to, go to, his riches do excell,
Maid. A Fig for wealth, 'tis perſon I affect.
Wid. You are a fool, he will maintain you well.
Maid. I tell you, I a proper man reſpect:
D'ye think that I with ſuch a Dwarf will ſtore me,
That ſhall diſgrace me, as he goes before me?

Ile have a comely man from head to foot,
In whoſe neat limbs no blemiſh can be ſpide:
Whoſe leg ſhall grace his ſtocking or his boot,
And wear his Rapier manly by his ſide.
With ſuch a one my humour doth agree,
He ſhall be welcome to my bed and me.

Wife. Beſſe, and th'art wiſe, hold that opinion ſtill,
For were I to begin the world to morrow,
In ſuch a choice I would my minde fulfill:
And ſo I drink to thee: come on, hang ſorrow.

Wench,

Wench, let it be thy rule at any hand,
To make thy choice even as thy minde doth ſtand.

Many do match (as true as this is Wine)
With ſome Dunce, Clown, or Gull, they care not who;
For no cauſe but to be maintained fine,
And have their wills in what they pleaſe to do:
When their hearts love's as much in other things,
As there is vertue in mine Apron-ſtrings.

Wid. Faith tis too true. Fough, what a filthy ſmell?
As ſure as death I am e'en like to choke.
Maid. Me thinks I feel my ſelf not very well,
Now out upon't, it is Tobacco ſmoak:
Knock Cozen, knock, here is a filthy ſmother,
For Gods love quick, ſome Juniper, ſweet Brother.

Wid. There cannot be a more detected ſtink,
And yet you ſee how dainty many makes it.
Maid. As true as it is wine that I do drink,
I would not for a Crown, kiſſe one that takes it.
Wife. My Husband is ſo kinde an honeſt man,
That he'll touch none, if I ſay, do not John.

Wid. His commendation certain is the more,
With one another we are bound to bear:
He bears with you, you favour him therefore.
Wife. Surely I do, as both of you ſhall hear,
'Tis death to him to ſmell but a Gooſe-pye,
And therefore Gooſe fleſh never do I buy.

Wid. That's a ſtrange matter, ſure I love a Gooſe,
But for a Wood-cock I did never care.
Wife. When I eat Pig, it makes my body looſe.
Maid. I love a tender Rabit or a Hare,
A Turkey pye, or Pigeon for a need,
But on groſſe Butchers fleſh I cannot feed.

Wife. Couzen, when I lay in of my firſt Boy,
Lord how I long'd to eat a Partridge wing,
And when it came my ſtomack had no joy,
But all my minde was on another thing:
Thou ſhalt not lack (quoth John) what gold will buy;
Why then (ſweet-heart) let's have a Cherry-pye.

If London yeeld it (love) thou ſhalt not lack,
So kinde, me thinks I hear him ſtill repeat it:
But haſting down the ſtairs, I call'd him back;
'Tis full of ſtones (quoth I) I cannot eat it.
With that he kiſt me, and began to weep,
And I being ſomething heavy, fell aſleep.

But then I fell into the ſtrangeſt dream
Of fire and water that you ever heard:
And I was troubled, Couz, the moſt extreme
With one all night, that had a yellow Beard:
And with a Cock had neither Spurs nor Comb,
And with the little Witch you have at home.

Wid. Why ſurely now you talk of dreams in ſadneſſe
I dream'd laſt night two Cats did leap and skip,
Playing together with great ſport and gladneſſe,
Untill one came to part them with a whip.
I laughed that my heart did ake thereat,
To ſee the foolish fellow whip the Cat.

Wife. A pretty jeſt: But Beſſe, to whom d'ee drink?
I ſpy a fault, you do your ſelf forget:
The wine ſtands waiting in the Cup me think,
Prethee, my wench, let's have our lips kept wet.
I pledge thee Girl: nay ſweet now drink it up,
A Goſſips round, that's every one a Cup.

Muſicians come in.

Wid. Couzen, here's Fidlers, let us hear a ſong,
But look, my friends, it be a pleaſing thing. Maid.

Maid. I am afraid then we ſhall ſtay too long.
Wid. No, no, I warrant, come on, quickly ſing.
Wife. Let it touch men, I pray in any caſe:
This youth (me thinks) will do it with a grace.

The Song.

WHat's a womans chief delight?
To give a man his hearts content,
How doth he the ſame requite?
Love her till the ſport be ſpent.
You that doubt it, do but try,
Men will flatter, cog, and lye.

VVith bewitching words they ſue,
Vowing conſtant faith and love;
Women think their oaths are true,
Till (poor ſouls) they try and prove:
Then they finde, when help is paſt,
For a night their love doth laſt.

Their own ſtories tell their lives,
How unconſtant they have dealt;
Honeſt Widdows, Maids, and Wives,
Have their double dealing felt.
All will ſay, that are not blinde,
Men are falſe, and women kinde.

When they vow, truſt not their ſwearing,
When they ſmile, think they will frown,
Give their flattering but the hearing,
If they can they'l put you down:
Since they ſeek your overthrow,
Keep them from the thing you know.

For

For to be in great requeſt,
Make your love exceeding ſtrange :
Try good earneſt out in jeſt;
Deal with flattery by change:
As they come, ſo let them paſſe.
Turn diſſemblers out to graſſe.

Wife. NOw God a mercy Boy, this Song is true,
I prethée drink, 'tis good to mend thy voice.
Wid. Haſt thou not ſuch another that is new?
Boy. Yes, I have one is called, The Maids bad choice;
Penn'd by a Maid her ſelf, whoſe conſtant truth
Was lately wronged by a Merchants youth.

Wid Sing it prethée.

The Song.

YOu *London* maids, give ear to me,
That am in love, your own,
And born within the City walls,
Well friended, and well known.

My ſelf I will not ſeem to praiſe,
It were a note of pride :
What beauty there is in my face,
Or comely limbs beſide.

My ready wit, and quick conceit,
To break a nimble jeſt :
And all good parts and qualities,
I mean to let them reſt.

The Art I have in Needle-work,
Embroid'ry rich in Gold:

VVith Lace, and Stitch, and every thing
That may or can be told.

For Dancing, and my skill in Song
I muſt and will be mute:
My playing on the Virginalls,
And tickling of the Lute.

I'll bury all my own good parts,
And of a youth will ſpeak;
VVhoſe moſt unkinde bad qualities
Do make my heart to break.

How he is call'd, I will conceal,
And not reveal the ſame:
Becauſe I'll leave him like a Jew,
VVithout a Chriſtian name.

He ply'd me long as Suiters do;
(I mean theſe ſubtill men)
And we had often meetings too;
It skills not where, nor when.

He vow'd he lov'd me conſtantly,
Far dearer then his life:
And would himſelf, deſtroy himſelf,
Except I were his wife.

I being (as poor wenches be)
Moſt kinde where love doth ſting,
Conſented to, (I ſhame to tell)
And let him do the thing.

This done which cannot be undone,
('Tis now ſix Months too late)

I am turn'd off, my youth hath got
Another loving mate,

One that hath neither wit nor wealth,
Beauty nor comely grace;
One that is Kitchin-ſtuff to me,
Her ſtock is known ſo baſe.

Fie, who would truſt this wicked world?
Maidens take heed, be wiſe:
I am not Widdow, Wife, nor Maid,
But of another ſize.

Maid. I Like this Song exceeding well indeed:
Here's ſix pence t'ward the Buſſck with my heart.
Wife. Beſſe, 'tis good warning, wench, for you, take heed.
Maid. Ile ſee him hang'd would play me ſuch a part:
He that ſhould come and offer but to feel,
I would e'en ſcorn that fellow with my heel.

Wid. Well, go to Couz, go forward with the the reſt,
Wife. What reſt, I pray? I know now not what you mean.
Wid. No? why of her that is your neighbours gueſt.
Wife. 'Tis true, my gallant ſilken queen:
I had forgot the talk I was about,
The Fidlers coming in, clean put me out.

Why ſhe forſooth a'nt pleaſe you) is ſo fine,
She never drinks, unleſſe ſhe dine or ſup;
And then ſhe hath her penny pot of wine.
Wid. Marry and gip, ſome body take her up:
Some Doctors wench, a my word for her skill,
That takes in Diet by the Dram and Pill.

Wife. My husband doth allow me, Ile beſworn,
A Pint a meal, as true as we ſit here;

I tell

I tell you (as my friends) I would e'en ſcorn
To dine or ſup without it in a yéer:
He knows the way to pleaſe me in my diet,
Or for a month I ſhall be out of quiet.

Then if he ſees me out of patience once,
O Chriſt how he will ſeek to make amends;
Then I do ſigh, to grieve him for the nonce,
Wherewith he'll kiſſe, and ſay, Sweet love be friends:
I let him kiſſe, and ſpeak me fair a while,
And when the ſullen humour's paſt, I ſmile.

Wid. I cannot chooſe but praiſe thy pretty wit;
It is the very courſe that I would take,
Thou entertain'ſt his humour paſſing fit.
Maid. Why I thought men had lov'd for kindneſſe ſake.
Wife. Alas plain Wench, God knows thou art not in it;
She that will ſettle love, muſt this way win it.

Maid. Indeed I never heard that trick before;
I thought mens love muſt ſtill be fed with kindneſſe.
Wife. God help thee, Beſſe, not one among a ſcore;
That opinion is but maidens blindneſſe:
In theſe things thou know'ſt little, it appears,
But it will come, for now thou com'ſt to years.

Why woman, if we ſéem not in behaviour
As though we car'd not greatly to conſort,
They'll think, forſooth, they do us mighty favour,
And we muſt ſéem beholden for our ſport:
So beſt in ſtrangeſſe we our meanings hide,
Which makes them love, and give good words beſide.

This for your inſtruction, Beſſe, I have diſcloſ'd.
Maid. In truth I yeeld more thanks than may be told.
Wid. Here's to you both againſt you be diſpoſ'd;
Lord, while you talk, the Sawlages wax cold.
Wife. Come, draw your knives; fall to, I pray begin,
You know cold Puddings are not worth a pin.

VVid. How pretty ſalt they taſte? but 'tis the better;
Moſt rare, yfaith, to drink down Sack withall:
Beſſe. Pray go to; will you remain my debter?
Why d'ye not pledge me? troth and faith you ſhall.
Maid. May ſure, all this? truſt me tis more than need,
In truth, in ſadneſſe, now in very deed.

Wid. Well, if you do not, *Beſſe*, you do me wrong.
Maid. You ſhall not be forſworn for twenty pound:
How t burns my belly as it goes along.
Wife. My turn is next, and ſo it palleth round:
Look, Gentlewomen, is it full d'ye think?
I ſcorn to be entreated, take my drink.

Wid. Why laugh you, Couz? ſweet now let me know.
Maid. An odde conceit I think on, makes me ſmile.
When I am forth in company, or ſo.
How by the drachm I take in wine that while;
Killing the cup, upon the wine I frown,
And ſo with ſmelling it, I ſet it down.

Some ſimple fool (all manners for his wit)
Comes on me with the French ſalute moſt quaintly,
And ſayes, ſweet mend your draught, you drink no whit.
In troth you ſhew your ſelf too Maiden-dainty:
Drink better, Lady, at my kinde requeſt;
I ſay (ſweet ſir) I can no wine digeſt.

VVid. Marry we'll bear you witneſſe when you will;
Ile take my oath on twenty Table-books,
The laſt full Cup hath made you mighty ill:
Some Roſa Solis; ſee how pale ſhe looks:
Another Pint of that ſhe taſted laſt,
To break winde with, and then the worſt is paſt.

VVife. Good (yfaith) good, my Couz is in the vein,
Ile match you for it weneh, I hold a Crown:
Fill none, unleſſe you'l drink about again.
Content, ſay I; you ſhall not put me down.

Maid.

How ſayſt thou, Beſſe, ſhall it be ſo Girl, ſpeak?
Maid. If I make one, pray God my Girdle break.

Wife. Talk not ſo loud; what will folks think that hear?
The very Vintners boy laught when you ſpake.
Wid. Had I ſeen that, I would have found his ear,
Why, maſter Boy, we'll pay for what we take:
Baſe groom, I ſay, although thou tak'ſt me mellow,
Know, ſmooth fac'd Knave, I am your Miſtris fellow.

Wife. Good Lord, what ayls my Couzen be ſo hot?
Tuſh, let it paſſe you know boyes ſawcy be.
Wid. It ſhall not be forgiven nor forgot.
Your maſter lives (you ſlave) by ſuch as we:
Call for a reckoning; lets know what's to pay;
By heaven, I ſcorn a minute more to ſtay.

Brother, I pray, is it your maſters minde,
Your fellow boy ſhould flout gueſts when they drink?
Vintner. My maſters will is for to uſe you kinde.
Wid. I will ſcath him more, my friend, then you do think:
What is thy name? Vint. Forſooth my name is Will.
Wid. What country-man? Vin. Forſooth at Fiſh-ſtreet hil.

Wid. William, we come not here to be abuſed,
There are more Taverns beſides yours in town:
We can go whers we might be courteous uſed.
Vint. In truth, forſooth, my fellows but a clown.
Wid. William, we have ſome credit where we dwell:
And William, boyes ſhould uſe their betters well.

For William, ſay the caſe were but your own,
And that you were as we are at this ſeaſon,
With friends a drinking where you are unknown;
Would you be flouted? Vint. By my faith no reaſon.
Wid. William, thou anſwer'ſt like a youth of ſenſe,
For ſurely, William, 'tis a great offence.

'Tis merry when Cobbles

And VVilliam, I would have you understand,
We'll pay your master for the wine we have.
Vint O Lord, forsooth, as sure as in my hand.
Wid. VVilliam, we come not to entreat or crave:
We met together, VVilliam, at your door,
And enter'd for a Pint, which fell out more.

VVilliam, we will not be beholding (see ye)
Unto your master more then to another:
'Tis for good wine and welcome we come to ye,
Or farewell VVilliam, and you were my brother:
And therefore, VVilliam, this abuse we scorn,
For we are London Gentlewomen born.

Why William know here's neither Sisse, nor Kate.
Vint. No, so God help me, I do see you are not.
Wid Thinks Sauce your fellow, we use Parots prate?
VVilliam, our talk is honest, and we care not
If all the Parish were in place to hear it,
No, by this Cup. Vint. Yfaith you need not swear it.

Forsooth, I trust your wine was very good?
VVid. VVilliam, I grant the wine was not amisse;
But that base Boy doth vex me to the blood:
William, a man would ne'er have offer'd this:
The Proverb sayes, 'Tis Manners that doth make.
VVilliam, give guests good words for manners sake.

VVilliam, when cam'st thou in this house to dwell?
Vint. Forsooth, about three yeers agone, last May.
Wid. William, serve God, and please thy master well;
'Twill be thine own, William, another day.
Your masters married, William, is he not?
Vint. Yes forsooth, yes, a mistris I have got.

Wid. William, your Master hath no children by her?
Vint. No, forsooth, but I think she be with childe,
To have a Boy she hath a great desire.
Wid. So would not I, VVilliam, for Boyes be wilde:

Though

Though Girls cry, William, till they be beptiſt,
William give me a Girl, take Boyes who liſt.

Wife. Couzen, you do forget your ſelf me think.
When Beſſe and I come home, we ſhall be chid.
Wid. Pray fill the Cup to William, let him drink.
Vint. In truth, forſooth, 'tis the laſt thing I did.
Wife. Good William drink I prethee, William do.
Vint. Forſooth I pledge you, and I thank ye too.

Now Gentlewomen, I intreat you ſpeak,
And name the wine, a Pint I will go fill.
Wife. No, William, no, there's many Vintners break;
Let it alone, prethee, kinde hearted Will;
It is enough, if you one Rule do keep,
And that is this, Nick not your Pot too deep.

There is much knavery in your Trade for that,
Which will not thrive, who ever uſe the ſame:
Draw brisk to Londoners, let clowns drink flat,
That take in wine but onely for the name;
Out-face the fools but with a cogging tale,
For all their judgement's in a pot of Ale.

You can perſwade them that their taſte is bad,
And boaſt your wine, that there's no better drawn,
The like in London is not to be had;
When all is falſe, and but an outward fawn.
Wid. Couzen, we know Vintners can do amiſſe,
But we might have drunk Williams Pint by this.

Vint. Troth you ſhall have it inſtantly, I run.
Wife. Why this is your fault, Couzen, you'll not leave,
Wid. Tut, hang him knave, this Pint, and we have done,
So much in meaſure he did us deceive:
Did you not mark how every Pot lackt filling?
We'll take it kindely, cauſe he gives it willing.

Vint.

Vint. Here Gentlewomen, and I thank you all.
Wid This is a Cup of Claret doth excell:
Vint. At any time when you do pleaſe to call,
Upon my honeſty Ile uſe you well:
While with my maſter I remain a dweller,
You ſhall command the beſt that's in the Celler.

VVid. Thanks VVilliam, what's to pay? and now an end.
Vint. Marry, forſooth, Four ſhillings and a penny.
VVid. Lay down the monies pretbee, none ſhall ſpend,
Couzen and Beſſe, in troth this time not any.
Hark, Bow-bell rings, I do proteſt tis late:
VVilliam, good-night, I pray take up your Plate.

FINIS.